

THE HEROICK  
**HISTORY**  
OF

*Guy Earl of Warwick.*

Written by HUMPHRET CROUCH.



LONDON, Printed for Edward Brewster, and are to be sold by  
John Williamson at the Sun and Bible on London-Bridge. 1673.

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HISTORY

OF THE  
WARRIORS  
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# THE Heroick History

OF

*Guy Earl of Warwick.*

**O**F Noble *Guy*, I here will speak,  
A Champion bold and stout,  
Who evermore would help the weak,  
And beat the strongest out;

Distressed Ladies, help would he  
And Captives bound in Chains,  
And wronged Knights from Tyrants free,  
True love was all his gains;  
And all was for fair *Pbelice* sake,  
He ventured life and limb;  
Who made the stoutest Champion quake,  
That durst encounter him;  
The Earl of *Warwick's* Daughter, high,  
Was *Pbelice* tall and trim;  
The Flower of *England* for delight;  
Too high of Birth for him.

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For he was but, as I may say,  
Her fathers Steward's son;  
Yet *Venus* Laws he must obey,  
When *Guy* had honour won.  
Why then, quoth she, go forth brave Youth,  
And make thy self more known;  
And when my father hears the truth,  
Take *Phelice* for thine own.  
Win honour by thy Martial hand,  
And by a warlike life;  
When this I come to understand,  
Take *Phelice* for thy wife.  
*Phelice* I ask no more; said he,  
Call *Guy* a Coward-Swain,  
If he refuse to fight for thee  
Thy love for to obtain.  
O wo to him that counts it good,  
That doth procure his care;  
Who wins a wife with loss of blood,  
Doth buy his bargain dear.  
Yet whilst he hath a drop to bleed,  
*Guy* will not idle lie;  
Performing many a worthy deed,  
And Acts of Chivalry.  
In *France* he prov'd himself a man,  
Unhors'd them one by one;  
He there cast down both horse and man,  
And fame and honour won;  
He then to *England* comes again;  
To see his hearts-delight;  
But *Phelice* sends him forth again,  
Since he so well could fight;  
To fight for her he would not grutch;  
Whom he esteemed dear;  
Because he loved her so much,  
No danger did he fear.



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No danger may he fear that strives  
To win a Ladies Love ;  
And howsoe're the business thrives  
Obedient he must prove.



He takes his leave once more, and goes,  
Her pleasure to fulfill :  
He longs to be a dealing blows  
To win more honour still :  
And through a Forrest as he rides,  
He meets a mighty Gyant,

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Two yards at every step he strides,  
Far stronger than a Lion;  
Friend, quoth the Gyant, hast thou heard  
Of one, they call him *Guy*,

Who all the power of *France* hath fear'd  
With acts of Chivalry?

And what of him, Sir *Guy* then said?

Perhaps I am the man;

Of Gyants he was ne're afraid,

Do all the best they can.

Oh! quoth the Gyant, art thou he

With whom I long to fight?

Thy honour doth belong to me,

I claim it as my right.

Then pull'd a tree up by the roots,

And heav'd it up on high;

In Iron Coat, and Brazen Boots,

He marched towards *Guy*.

Quoth *Guy*, thou art a simple Clown,

I'll quickly make thee mine:

I'll pull thy lofty courage down,

My honour still shall shine.

With that he hit him a strong blow,

From a well-guided hand,

And cut off mighty *Rumbo's* toe,

That he could hardly stand

Then *Rumbo* heav'd his Tree on high,

Thinking his bones to break,

And struck at *Guy* most furiously,

Which made the ground to shake.

Before he heav'd his Tree again,

*Guy* hit him on the head,

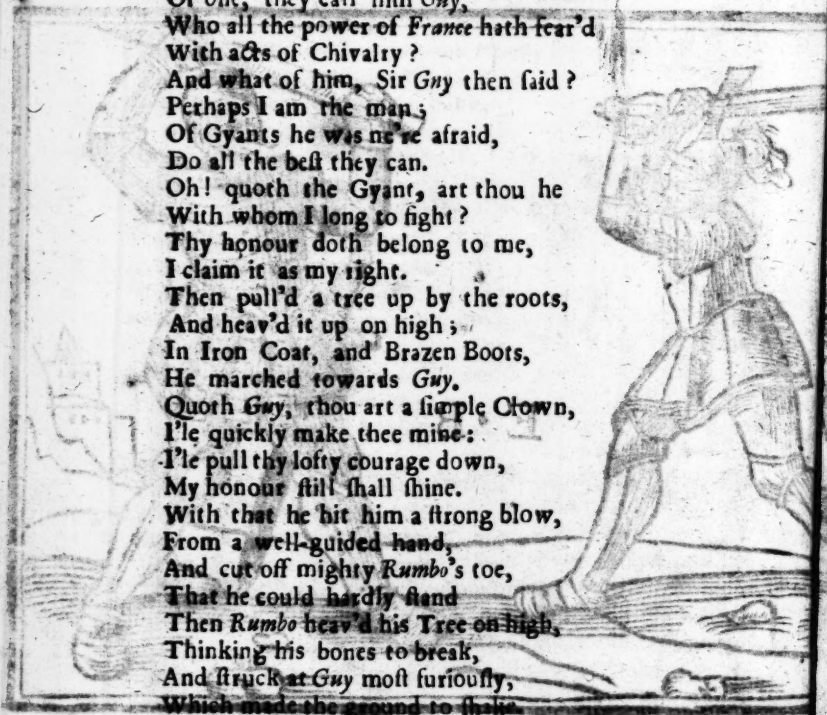
Thinking the Gyant had been slain,

He falling down for dead.

Hold, hold, (quoth he) I'll be thy slave,

So thou wilt save my life.

Quoth



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Quoth *Guy*, such mercy thou shalt have,  
To end this dreadful strife.  
He made him swear he would be true,  
And serve him as his Boy,  
His Enemies for to subdue,  
And all his Foes destroy.  
He swore he would, and then did rise,  
To lend Sir *Guy* his aid;  
Whose ugly looks, and saucer-eyes  
Might make a man afraid.  
They walked over Mountains high,  
Through Vallies wide and long,  
The Gyant *Rumbo*, with Sir *Guy*,  
And none could do them wrong.  
At length they heard a mighty cry,  
Which scar'd the Gyant so;  
What cry is that, (quoth he) Sir *Guy*?  
No farther will I go.  
*Rumbo* (quoth *Guy*) tush, do not faint;  
I'll go what ere betide;  
No fortune surely can he want  
That hath courage on his side.  
Close underneath a hill he found  
A Lion with a Dragon met,  
But *Rumbo* fell down in a swoond,  
And in a cold moist sweat.  
Brave sport, (quoth *Guy*) fight on, quoth he,  
And when you make an end,  
Unto the weakest I will be  
A true and trusty friend.  
At length the Lion turn'd aside.  
As if he would be gone;  
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) have at your hide,  
Dragon, I'll lay it on.  
With that he draws his massie blade,  
Unto the Dragon goes,

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Like one that was no whit afraid,  
But deals him manly blows.  
Valiant *Gy* bestirs his hands,  
The Dragon back did shrink,  
The Gyant *Rumbo* quaking stands,  
And knew not what to think,  
*Gy* gets the Victory at last,  
Which made great *Rumbo* glad;  
He was full glad the fight was past,  
For he before was sad.  
The dreadful Lion *Gy* did greet,  
When he to him did go,  
And thankfully did lick his feet,

Because

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Because he kill'd his foe  
He follow'd him by his Horse side  
It was his chief desire ;  
Till he no longer could abide,  
Hunger forc'd him to retire.

*Rumbo* (quoth *Guy*) I see thou art

A Coward at the last,  
Thou hast great strength, but little heart,  
I know by what is past.

Master (quoth *Rumbo*) shall I speak,

And yet I now am loth :

Compar'd to me you are but weak,

Yet heart enough for both.

But you shall see my valour shown

Before that it be long ;

I will not see you overthrown

Or suffer any wrong.

Why then, quoth *Guy*, *Rumbo*, I'll quickly try what  
mettle thou art made of ; thou wast afraid of the Dra-  
gon, but art thou afraid of a man ? No, quoth *Rumbo*,  
you know I was not afraid of you, who was too hard  
for all the Champions in *France* ; I purposed to win ho-  
nour, thought to try my manhood with you, though I had  
the worst, and should think my life well spent in the  
service of such a noble Champion. *Rumbo* (quoth *Guy*)  
I hear the Emperor of *Almain* hath besieged the Duke  
of *Lovain*, thither I purpose to go to lend the Duke my  
aid, for I am resolved to help the weak against the migh-  
ty : yet in no unjust quarrel shall my sword be drawn ; no  
sooner were they arrived at *Lovain*, but the Duke under-  
standeth thereof, and entertained *Guy* with great joy and  
gladness. Now, quoth the Duke, my friend, my heart  
is right glad, that so honourable a man is come to take  
our parts. Brave *English man*, quoth the Duke, advise me  
what to do in this case, the City being besieg'd by a pow-  
erful

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ful enemy, and small resistance to be made against them. My Lord, quoth *Guy*, there's freedom enough, to be won by a course which my self means to take and to encourage your men the better, my Man *Rumbo* and I will issue out upon them, so after the breach is made, your Army may the better fall upon them, and put them to the rout : No danger may they fear, who valiant minds do bear. Then suddenly they opened the Gates, where *Guy* and *Rumbo* behav'd themselves so valiantly, that they broke their Enemies Ranks, beat the *Almains* from the walls, and made such a terrible slaughter among them, that with the help of the Dukes Army, they quite vanquish't the *Almains*, and put them quite to the rout. *Rumbo* beat a whole line of men before him, but following them, too far, was unfortunately slain. *Guy* bewailed the death of his trusty servant *Rumbo*, and said, he would be revenged of the *Almains* for his death. Shortly after, the Emperour sent another Army greater than the first, but they were overthrow'n as the former were; and the Duke, with *Guy*, returned victoriously into the City, where after many thanks given to *Guy*, *Guy* answered the Duke in this manner; My Lord it joys me not half so much that we have got the victory of our Enemies, as it would glad my heart to make a Peace between the Emperour and you. The Duke was willing, and sent a Guard of Soldiers with him, till he came to the Emperours Court, where he spoke to the Emperour in this sort, High Emperour, all health unto thy Grace, and Peace to thee, if thou sayst peace to us; and love to thee, if love thou wilt embrace: Why should the Christians war against each other, but rather against mis-believing Jews, Turks and Pagans? we sue not after thee in a servile way, as fearing thy power and might: for victory hath crown'd our heads with honour; but that



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we might agree together to pull the Pagans down. Brave English-man, quoth the Emperour, hadst thou spoke sooner, it had not only been granted, but had saved many hundred mens lives : Why then, quoth *Guy*, let's to Duke *Seguin* go, and renew the League betwixt you. With all my heart quoth the Emperour. So away they go to the Duke, and renew their League, and sends *Guy* with a thousand chosen men against the Jews, Turks, Pagans, and Sarazens, altogether by the ears. Brave sport, quoth *Guy*, so lays about him on every side, favouring none, inso much that they said one to the other, What mad fellow is this, that hews us down on every side? sure had he a thousand lives, he could not escape. At length a mighty Pagan steps to *Guy*, and desired a Combat at his hands, to see which of their swords could cut the best. Methinks quoth *Colbron*, thou hast a sword that is like to a reed, I am perswaded it will not cut. Not cut, quoth *Guy*! Pagan, I like thy humour well. I'll whet it on thy bones before we part; such Lubbarbs it hath often hewn asunder; then did they lend each other such lusty knocks, that sparks of fire flew from their helmets: the gazing people knew not what to think, but expected the end of *Guy*, for *Colbron* was wondrous strong, and one of the chiefest Champions that the Turks had. But *Guy* at last gave him such a speedy blow, that down came *Colbron* and his strength withall. Pagan, quoth *Guy*, is my sword sharp or no? with that he cut off his head, and send it to the Emperour presently. *Guy* to another goes, called *Martnadore*, and after a hot dispute, overcomes him, and lays him dead upon the ground. The Pagans seeing their Champions go down so fast, forsook the field, and went to the Town, where a most bloody Tyrant bore the sway, who hearing what was done, went armed to the Tent where *Guy* was, and challenged him to come

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forth, telling him that he had promised his head to a Lady, and was come to fetch it. And hast thou so, quoth *Guy*? an honest man will be his words master: come then and take it off quickly, or else the Lady will suppose you scoff. But *Guy* did so be-labour him, that instead of taking off his head, he set spurs to horse, and fled to save his own, then not a man durst stir. But *Guy* hearing they had a General in Town, they call'd him mighty *Souldan*, goes and challenges him, and dares him to his face. The *Souldan* with a staring look repli'd, thou Christian slave who like a dog I scorn, I'll chastise thee with steel; with that at each other they ran, their Launces broke, and each forsook his horse; they betook them to their swords: *Guy* struck such forcible blows, that he cut through the *Souldans* Armour, and by loss of blood the *Souldan* fell to ground, casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*: then not a man durst stir. So *Guy* set spurs to his horse, and departed with victory and great honour. *Guy* now intended to go see his loving friend the Duke of *Lovain*, but ere he came to his journys end, he freed a woful Lady from distress, thus it befel; Earl *Terry* a valiant man, with his Lady, walking through a Forest to take the Air, was surpris'd on a sudden by sixteen villains, who were hired to take his Lady, away from him, and make her anothers wife, leaving the Earl sore wounded: *Guy* comforts the Earl, and understanding where these villains were, by the cry of the Lady, comes to them in this manner, cursed slaves (quoth he) what do you mean to do with this Lady? her husband you have wounded, and taken her by force from him: this act of yours I'll make you now repent, you shall pay dear for what you have done: with that they laughed him to scorn, saying, what fool is this, or rather mad man, who thinks to get himself a name by a desperate attempt? like so, quoth he, the fit that's on me now is a raging one, so draws his sword, and bids the Lady hold her peace, for he would quickly release her from  
the

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the hands of these Villains: so with admirable courage he lays upon them, at every blow one or other dies: some he slew, and the rest fled, being not able to withstand him at that time; so he conducts her to the Earl her husband with much joy and gladness on both sides. Now Guy, with the Earl & his beloved Lady, wandering through the desert without a guide, hearing the noise of wild beasts, did not a little trouble them. At length two armed men they spied with their swords drawn, who stood on their guard, lest the wild beasts should devour them on a sudden: Guy demanded of them what they were, they,

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they replied, they came to bring Earl *Tery* bad news; the Earl demanded what it was? They replied, his Royal Father was besieged in his strong Castle by Duke *Ossons* power, who hath vowed to pull the Castle down about his ears. The Earl on a sudden was much discontented. *Guy* cheers him up, and tells him that he will assist him. My very name, quoth *Guy*, will make him flie; he felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not; I will go with thee, thy wronged Father to defend, for I have vow'd the wrong'd for to right. Noble friend, quoth *Terry*, my joys abound and have overcome my grief, to think my aged Father hath so brave a man to take his part. The Enemies no sooner heard of *Guy's* approach, but all their Commanders took their heels and ran away, leaving the Duke their Master to order his men himself. The Duke seeing himself in so bad a condition, in a desperate humour calls for *Guy*, vowing to be revenged of him, or lose his life and honour in the field. Where is, quoth he, this English-man that haunts my Ghost? I challenge him to meet me in the field, equal envy shall quickly end the quarrel that is betwixt us. Agreed, quoth *Guy*, proud foe, repent thy wrong, and make thy conscience clear, thou shalt quickly see an end of thy honour, which worthy men do hold most dear; thou hast now liv'd to see an end of thy good name. Together then they rush'd most furiously, like two incensed Lions, breaking their Launces as they were reeds, and betaking them to their swords they fought both with admirab'e courage, till at length through loss of blood the Duke fell, who lamented his ill fortune, and died very penitently, confessing that ambition was the cause of his overthrow. When *Guy* heard this, he sheathed his sword, and said, remain thou there, for I mean to bleed no more for *Phelice* at this time, I have been too long away from her, and will fight no more till I see her. But passing through a forest, he met with the hugest Boar that ever eye beheld, the beast came at him

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him most furiously, which he perceiving, stands upon his guard, and lay so hard upon his Swinish head, that he left him dead in the place. And so takes his journey for *England*, where being arrived, he was entertained with great joy and triumph by King *Atbelstone*, who had heard of all his noble achievements done in other Countrys, to the honour of *England* and *English men* : Renowned *English-man*, said King *Atbelstone*, who art the pride of our Nation, I have heard all thy noble actions done in other Countrys, to the wonder of the whole Christian world. Thou hast laid a heavy hand upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels and Jews, hewing monsters in twain, who spoiled and devoured many Christians : But honorable man, I think thou never didst destroy the like Monster that is now in *England*, a dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, who devours man, woman, and child; many worthy Knights have gone to encounter with him, yet never any came home alive again. I speake not this to animate thee on to venture thy life to encounter with him, whose life I prize as dear as mine own; but that thou maist understand how our Country is annoyed by him. My Liege, quoth *Guy*, let me have a Conduct, that I may understand where to find him, and I promise as I am an *English Knight*, and true to my King and Country, I will bring this Monsters head to your Majesty. The King gave order that a dozen Knights should conduct him to the place where the Dragon was, which was done accordingly. The King and the Court took their leave of *Guy* in solemn wise, never expecting to see him again. When they were come neer to the place where the Dragon was, *Guy* says thus unto them, Gentlemen, go no farther for fear of danger, but sit on your Horses, and behold the sport. So coming towards the Cave, where the Dragon was, *Guy* prepared for the encounter, and beholding the dreadful Dragon coming towards him with ireful countenance, with eyes like burning fire, and lofty speckled breast ; His Launce in his Rest, and  
spurs

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spurs his Horse, running against the Dragon with such violence, that he overthrew him. The Dragon bit his Launce in twain as if it had been a Reed. Nay then quoth *Guy*, if you fall to such bites, I have a tool to pick your teeth withall, then draws his trusty blade, and lays upon the Dragon in such manful wise that he made wide and deep wounds in his body, which caused him to roar so exceedingly, that he scared the Knights which sat on their Horses to behold the fray. The Dragon perceiving *Guy* too hard for him, endeavoured to flye away from him, but *Guy* brought him down again with a vengeance, cut off his head and brought it to the King upon a peece of the Spear that the Dragon bit in twain, The King admired at this monsters head; God shield, quoth he, and save us from all evil, here is a face would out-face the devil. Victorious Knight, said the King, we admire thy valour, thy courage, and brave adventure, one thing I must needs crave; and that is this, that you will go no more beyond the Seas, but stay here with me. My Sovereign, quoth *Guy*, what I have done, was for love of a woman, whom I have not seen these many years; may your Majesty be pleased to give me but so much leave, I shall be your servant. Thrice honoured Knight, I know it, the Earl of *Warwick's* daughter; go honoured man, unto her, she hath heard of all thy valiant actions; thou art a second *Hector*, or more than he, for *Hector* never did so much as thee.

*Phelice* hearing *Guy* was at *Lincoln*, went to him, and being over-joyed that she had found him, clipt him in her arms, and said, Why, how now, Love, have you forgot to love? what, seek a dragon ere you come to me? *Phelice*, said *Guy*, the King himself complained of a most dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, that annoyed all the Country, killing men, women, and children, and he which will not obey his Sovereigns command, especially in a thing of so high concernment, is both a coward and



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an ill affected member to the Common-wealth, *Phelice* I am thine, I bought thee with this price of blood. Dear Love, said *Phelice*, thou shalt never bleed more for me. So both agreed, they went to their royal fathers house, Earl *Roband*, who entertain'd him most nobly, and after a few days they were married together with great joy, banqueting, and hearts-delight. The noble Earl *Roband* in the space of three weeks died, and left the Earldom to his son *Guy*, who was after made Earl of *Warwick*, he enjoyed his Earldom but a small time. And now growing in yeats bethinks himself, and oft would say. How many men have I made lifeless for the love of a woman, and spent my time in war and blood, and not one tear shed for my sins; for Beauty have I run through the world in a Sea of blood; good God forgive me for it. Vain world, farwell, I go to mortifie a sinful man; and now I mean to take my journey, like a Pilgrim, to the holy Land, to see the place where my Saviour died for my sins, and the sins of the whole world. *Phelice* finding him discontented, begins to question him how he came into those melancholy fits; if I (quoth she) be the cause of it, I am not only sorry, but will endeavour to mend what is in me amiss. No, dear Love (quoth *Guy*) nothing but my sins, my numberless sins, that is the cause of all my grief and sorrow. Ah *Phelice*, said he, for thy love I have made many a man bleed, and now, dear Love, do intend to take my journey to the Holy Land, and live and dye a Pilgrim: Here, take this Ring, and keep it as a pledg of my love to thee, and give me thine; and if ever I come again to *England*, I will send thee this Ring, that thou maist come and close up my dying eyes: *Phelice*, farwell, weep not, I now must go, thy heart is full of love, mine full of wo. So with abundance of tears betwixt them, he takes his journey, only with a staff in his hand, to the holy Land, and the as a

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penfive widow, remains at home, giving alms at her doore to all Pilgrims for his sake, enquiring of them evermore, if they could tell her any news of him; but he not making himself known to any of them in all his travels, they could relate nothing of him to her. Many times when he returned from the holy Land, he hath received alms from her own hands; and she not knowing of him, he hath departed with tears in his eyes to his Cave, where he lived and dyed, as you shall understand hereafter.



Now

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Now Guy takes his journey towards the holy Land, passing through deserts and unfrequented places, full of danger; meeteth at last with a woful Wight, that unto sorrow was no stranger: An aged man having fifteen sons in bondage under the cruel Tyrant, or a barbarous Gyant, called *Amarant*, who retained them in his strong Castle, with many Knights, Gentlemen, and Ladies, besides. Guy questioning where, the old man directs him to the Castle. Lend me thy sword, quoth Guy, I'll lend my manhood all thy sons to free. So away he goes, and lays upon the gates, as one that says, He must and will come in. The Gyant was never so roused before, for no such knocking at his gates had been: so he takes his Club and Keys, and cometh forth; Sirrah (quoth the Gyant) what business hast thou here? art thou come to feast the Crows about these walls, because thou hast molested me in this manner, with this Club will I beat out thy brains and dress thy flesh for the Crows to feed upon. You are very quarrellous, Gyant, quoth Guy, and dangerous at the Club it seems you be: I have been better arm'd, though now I go thin; but do thy worst, here's a Weapon that must do me right. So draws his sword, salutes him with the same about his shoulders, head, and sides, in such manner, that the Gyant did not like the sport; but heaving his Club aloft in the air, said, now villain will I crush thee. But Guy was nimble to avoid the same, so on the ground he spent his stroke in vain. At length *Amarant* the Gyant grew thirsty and faint for want of drink, and asked leave of Guy to quench his thirst at the River. Guy gives him leave, then to work they fall again. At length Guy grew thirsty, and craved leave to drink, but the churlish Gyant said, it was a mad-mans part to relieve his enemy. Well, said Guy, since thou art so hard-hearted in that wherein I used thee so kindly, thou shalt understand that it doth but whet my anger the more against

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thee, and so shorten thy life sooner, I now disdain to drink. Bold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will, for now I begin my bloody bout, it is not that same Club will bear you out; with that he hit him on the head such a powerful stroke, that brought him with a vengeance down; then Guy set foot upon the Monsters breast, and hewed off his head, and takes his Keys, and enters the Castle, where a most woful spectacle he beheld, tender Ladies in dark Dungeons fed with the flesh of their own husbands; them he released, and set at liberty; unbinds many Knights and Gentlemen, who for many years had been kept in bondage by this bloody Tyrant; at length he came to an Iron gate, which he unlocks, where he found the old mans sons, being fifteen in number, who look'd like the Picture of death; some of them he found hang'd up by the middle, some by the thumbs, some hang'd up by the heels, with their heads downward; these he took down with great care, and delivered them to the old man their father, who with great joy and thankfulness would have kiss'd Guy's feet: but Guy took him up in his arms, delivered the keys to him, made him Master of the Castle, and so departed. Many a weary step travelled he ere he came to the holy land, whilst his beloved wife spent her days in great sorrow, often wishing her self with him, to be partner with him in all his sufferings. Many years continued he in the holy land, insomuch that all his friends thought him to be dead. At length desiring to see his own native Country, where he intended to lay his bones, he took his journey homewards. No sooner was he arrived on the English shore, but he found his Country in great distress, the King of Denmark with a mighty Army was landed, threatening to destroy all with fire and sword; the King of Denmark had a mighty Giant to his Champion, so terrible to behold, that the English were afraid of

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of his very looks, flinging his Ganelet down with such pride and contempt, that worthy Guy could ill endure to hear said, The English were a cowardly Nation, that never a man durst answer him. Guy could contain himself no longer, but goes to the King, and tells him, that he will accept of the challenge, and desired his Majesty not to despair, for he would quickly make an end of Colbron that mighty Gyant. The King said unto him, Honest Palmer go, and God bless thee in this mighty work thou hast undertaken, and grant thee victory over thine enemy. Amen, quoth Guy, and so goes from Winchester's North-gate, to Hidemead, where he found this Monster of men, treading each step two yards of ground. Art thou the man, quoth Colbron, on whom the King hath ventured England's Crown, whereas all his Lords and Nobles I defie, and scorn to fight with such a slave as thee. Gyant, quoth Guy, manhood should never rail, a Soldiers Weapon best can tell his mind. Thus I begin, and therefore look about thee, if thou be beaten the Danes will flout thee. Then began a sharp and bloody fight between them, so that the people knew not what to think, at length Colbron through loss of blood began to faint, and say to Guy, Yield thee brave English-man, and fight no longer. Villain, quoth Guy, I scorn thy cowardly fear, the King hath ventured England on my head, with that he lent him such a powerful blow, that brought the Gyant with a vengeance down. Great joy was there among the English.

But

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But *Guy* passed away unknown to his Caves, within a  
 while after he fell sick, and sent his Ring to his Wife, the  
 Countess of *Warwick*, by a poor Palmer; who came and  
 closed up his dying eyes, her self living but fifteen days  
 after.

FINIS.



*Books newly Printed for Edward Brewster, at the  
Crane in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1673.*

Mr. Ball's Catechism, large and small.

The Famous *History* of *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*.

The delectable *History* of *Reynard* the Fox, both  
parts.

The Book of Graces.

The Gardiners Labyrinth.

The History of the Fryer and the Boy, both parts.

*Robbin Hood and Little John*.

The Doctrin of the Bible. 120

A Useful Table of Expences.

*Moses* revived: A Treatise proving, That it is not  
lawful ( and therefore sinful ) for any man or  
woman to eat blood, viz. the life-blood of a-  
ny Creature. 80

Natural and Artificial Conclusions. 80

*Rogers* Righteous man's Evidence for Heaven. 120

Christian Advice to young and old, rich & poor;  
which may serve as a Directory at hand ready  
to direct all persons almost in every condition,  
under 27 general useful heads; by *Tho. Mocket*.

Mr. *Tho Ford*'s Sinner condemned of himself.

Scripture self evidence. 120

The last Will and Testament of *Basil Valentine*,  
Monk of the Order of *St Bennet*, &c.

A Prospect of Divine Providence. by *T. C.* 80

The Apostolical History, containing the Acts,  
Labours, Travels, Sermons, Discourses, Miracles,  
Successes and Sufferings of the Holy Apostles  
from Christs Assention, to the destruction of  
*Jerusalem* by *Titus*. Fol.



